

1509/1404.
T A S T E.

A
C O M E D Y,
Of TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

*Be rich in ancient Brass, tho' not in Gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his House be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair Bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.*

POPE'S Dunciad.

The FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N

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[Price One Shilling.]



T O

Francis Delaval, Esq.

S I R,

WHEN I consider the long Intimacy that has subsisted betwixt us, the Obligations I owe to your generous, disinterested Friendship, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Necessity listed me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleasure I can address the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, were I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconsiderableness of the Present. I thought it worthy their Attention, and consequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-Plot I could have spun out the Piece to the Extent of Five Acts; but besides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the single Object of my Satire, I declare myself a

A 3

Rebel

Rebel to this universal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claimed the Privilege of occasioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject Submission of our dramatic *Poets*, is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* subjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought presumptuous in me to have dignified so short a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy*; but when my Reasons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are considered, the Critics must indulge me with the Use of that Title; at least till they can furnish me with a better. As the Follies and Absurdities of Men are the sole Objects of *Comedy*, so the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this Kind of Writing greatly restrained. No unnatural Assemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the *Comic Muse*; Men and Things must appear as they are. It is employed either in debasing lofty Subjects, or in raising humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. F—, and a Travestie of the *Ulysses*, where *Penelope* keeps an Ale-house, *Telemachus* is a Tapster, and the *Heroë* a Recruiting Serjeant. In both these Instances you see Nature is reversed; but as I flatter myself in the following Sheets her Steps have been trode with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave

to hope, that though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Address, the Contents of many of our Conversations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Dissipations the World may suppose our Days to have been consumed, many, many Hours have been consecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the present Occasion will demonstrate, that Pleasure has not been always my Pursuit; and unless I am greatly mistaken, it will soon be discovered, that, joined to the acknowledged best Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the Reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgment of these Qualities, in the Person of a Man who has honoured me with his friendship, is the sole Cause of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demolishes all sub-lunary Connections, shall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

P R E F A C E.

I Was always apprehensive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abstracted and singular for the Comprehension of a mix'd Assembly. Juno Lucina, Jupiter Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare say, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to speak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the House. But tho' I despair of gratifying the Populum Tributim of the THEATRE, yet I flatter myself the Primores Populi will find me no disagreeable Companion in the Closet, et satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Design was to serve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of some late Transactions, I think the Public vastly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORSDALE have proved successful, is intirely owing to the Generosity and Humanity of the Managers of Drury-Lane THEATRE; they have given him a Benefit,

and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, I have more personal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of assuring him, that I shall ever retain the most grateful Remembrance of his Assistance, Assiduity, and kind Concern, at the Birth, Progress, and untimely End of this my last and favourite Offspring.

The Objects of my Satire were such as I thought, whether they were considered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deserved the Notice of the Comic Muse. I was determined to brand those Goths in Science, who had prostituted the useful Study of Antiquity to trifling superficial Purposes; who had blasted the Progress of the elegant Arts amongst us, by unpardonable Frauds and absurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by persuading them, that what only serves to illustrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleness real Business. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally submitted to the Public.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the Character of an
Auctioneer.

*B*EFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF appear,
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned bawling Brothers,
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate Case before ye.—
'Tis said this Night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty Folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes!
Should this odd Doctrine spread throughout the Land,
Before you buy, be sure to understand.
Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,
When great Ones only purchase—what they know.
Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless Fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental Passion;
The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The Virtuoso, too, and Connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The smallest Hair their looser Thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married, cold:
Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a Nose!
No am'rous Passion with deep Knowledge thrives;
'Tis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives!

'Tis

P R O L O G U E. xi

*Tis said Virtù to such a Height is grown,
 All Artists are encourag'd——but our own.
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,
 I never yet sold Goods of foreign Growth:
 Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece or Rome;
 My best Antiquities are made at Home.
 I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand,
 True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
 I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
 They furnish out my Room from Herculaneum.
 But hush——
 Should it be known that English are employ'd,
 Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd;
 No Matter what our Countrymen deserve,
 They'll thrive as Ancients, but as Moderns starve—
 If we should fall—to you it will be owing;
 Farewell to Arts—they're going, going going;
 The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!
 Then set Us up—and knock the POET down.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ, 1753.

Carmine,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Puff,	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
Brush,	<i>Mr. Crofs.</i>
Novice,	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>Lord Dupe,</i>	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>
<i>Alderman Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Tafwell.</i>
Caleb,	<i>Mr. Costollo.</i>
Boy,	<i>Master Crofs.</i>
<i>Lady Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Worfdale.</i>



T A S T E.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, followed by the Boy.

CARMINE. **L**AY these Colours in the Window, by the Pallet.
Any Visitors or Messages?

Boy. 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and insists upon Miss *Racket*'s Pictures being immediately finish'd, and carry'd Home——As to his Wife and Children, he says, you may take your own Time.

Carm.

Carm. Well——

Boy. Here has been a Message too, from my Lady *Pen*—— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She desires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it.

(*Exit Boy.*

Was the Whole of our Profession confined to the mere Business of it, the Employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but as Matters are now managed, the Art is the last Thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an easy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to supply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the Colouring of a *Rubens*, and the Design of a *Raphael*——all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the first Requisites, would be useless; and with these, one of them is necessary.

Enter Boy with the Slate.

Carm. Let's see——Oh! Lady *Pentweazel* from *Blowbladder-street*——Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varnish* should come, I am at Home. (*Exit Boy.*
Lady *Pentweazel*! ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or last Passion old Age is subject to——this superannuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like
a Nest

a Nest of unfledg'd Crows for Food; and with them, too, gulps down every Thing that's offer'd her — no Matter how coarse; well, she shall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Aldermen*.

Enter Boy with Puff.

Boy. Mr. *Puff*, Sir,

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of *Rembrandt's* Etching by *Scrape*, in *May's Buildings*; a paltry Affair, a Poor Ten Guinea Job; however, a small Game——you know the Proverb——What became of you Yesterday?

Carm. I was detained by Sir *Positive Bubble*. How went the Pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Carm. Hum! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting; then we divide just One hundred and Twenty-three.

Puff. Hold——not altogether so fast——*Varnish* had Two Pieces for bidding against *Squander*; and *Brush* five, for bringing Sir *Tawdry Trifle*.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if these People are eternally quarter'd upon
us,

us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Brush*——but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Consequence? He clandestinely sold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, *Carmine*, you are no great Loser by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of Repair, is the best condition'd Estate in the County of *Middlesex*. Why now there's your *Su-fannah*; it could not have produc'd you above Twenty at most, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the salutary Application of the Spaltham Pot, it became a *Guido*, worth a Hundred and thirty Pounds; besides, in all Traffick of this Kind, there must be Combinations. — *Varnish* and *Brush* are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they should partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear! Praise be to Folly and Fashion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant and scurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. *Puff*; and Mr. *Puff*, I have a strange Mind to leave you to yourselves, and then see what a Hand you would make of it — Sir, if I do now and
then

then add some Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condescension to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Masters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my *Susannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

Puff. Why, thou Post-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-washer, thou—Sirrah, have you so soon forgot the wretched State from whence I dragg'd you. The first Time I set Eyes on you, Raical! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in scarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate on a Bawdy-house Window in *Goodman's Fields*.

Carm. The Meanness of my Original demonstrates the Greatness of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius soar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouses, Dogs with Chains for Tanners Yards, Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs for Porridge Island.

Carm. *Hannibal Scratchi* did the same.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raise you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-lane*; the *Goose* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's Church-yard*; the first live Things you ever drew, Dog?

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff*.—you are so—

B

Puff.

Puff. Nor did I quit you then : Who, Sirrah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill*; how came you to draw the *Queen* there?

(*Loud Knocks at the Door.*

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's fake! dear Sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Pen*—

Carm. Send her to the — Show her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*—

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you see I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small Time—Lady *Pentweazel* sits for her Picture, and she's—

Puff. I have some Business at next Door; I suppose in half an Hour's Time—

Carm. I shall be at Leisure. Dear *Puff*—

Puff. Dear *Carmine*— (*Exit Puff.*

Carm. Son of a Whore——Boy, shew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces!—very likely Pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady *Fussock*—and, ha! ha! ha! Lady *Glumstead*, by all that's

that's ugly—Pray now, Mr. *Carmin*e, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Uglinefs, and yet preserve the Likenefs.

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two Words; where Nature has been fevere, we soften; where ſhe has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very *ingenus*, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the Whole of the firſt Part of your Skill; and, if you are at Leiſure, you may begin directly.

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourſelf; even Lady *Pentweazel's* Enemies (if ſuch there be) muſt allow ſhe is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmin*e; I have had my Day.

Carm. And have ſtill, Madam. The only Difference I ſhall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has diſtinguiſhed between *Mary de Medicis*, a Virgin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. *Carmin*e, I vow you are a very judicious Perſon. I was always ſaid to be like that Family. When my Piece was firſt done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I ſuppoſe might be one of *Mary's* Siſters; but Things muſt change; to be fitting for my Picture at this Time of Day;

ha! ha!—but my Daughter *Sukey*, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping* of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the Beauty as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeness, I must preserve the Beauty,—Will your Ladyship be seated? (*She sits.*)

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worserer Side of the Face than the other—now which will you chuse?

Carm. The Right Side, Madam—the Left—now, if you please, the Full—Your Ladyship's Countenance is so exactly proportion'd, that I must have it all; no Feature can be spar'd.

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmine*, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam—Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me—your Head more up—Shoulders back—and Chest forward.

Lady. Bless me, Mr. *Carmine*, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I'm only in Jumps.—Shall I send for my Tabbys?

Carm. No, Madam, we'll supply that for the present—Your Ladyship was just now mentioning a Daughter—Is she—your Face a little more towards me—Is she the sole Inhe-

Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty? Or—
have you—

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha!—why that's my youngest of all, except *Caleb*. I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live born, and christen'd—stay—don't let me lye now---One---Two---Three---Four---Five---Then I lay fallow—but the Year after I had Twins—they came in Mr. *Pentweazel's* Sheriffalty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben*—in short, I have had Twenty as fine Babes as ever-trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyship is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thousand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not some Honours to reward such distinguish'd Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if Breeding amongst *Christians* was as much encouraged as amongst Dogs and Horses, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandish Locusts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for some such Purpose is about to pass, and that we begin now to have almost as much Regard for the Propagation of the Species, as the Preservation of the Game in these Kingdoms---Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes---Oh! that Look, that, that, I must despair of imitating.

B 3

Lady.

Lady. Oh ! oh ! good Sir, have you found out that ? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes : I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at *Windſor* ; ſhe has a Siſter at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman—ſhe had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer ; that one Eye got her three Huſbands—we were called the gimlet-ey'd Family. Oh ! Mr. *Carmine*, you need not mind theſe Heats in my Face ; they always diſcharge themſelves about *Chriſtmas*—my true Carnation is not ſeen in my Countenance. That's Carnation ! Here's your fleſh and Blood ! (*ſhewing her Arm.*)

Carm. Delicate, indeed ! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour !

Lady. And yet it has been employ'd enough to ſpoil the beſt Hand and Arm in the World. —Even before Marriage never idle ; none of your gallopping, goſſipping, *Ranelagh* Romps ; like the forward Minxes of the preſent Age. I was always employed either in painting your *Lamſkips*, playing upon the *Haſpicols*, making Paſte, or ſomething or other—All our Family had a *Geno* ; and then I ſung ! Every Body ſaid I had a monſtrous fine Voice for Muſick.

Carm. That may be diſcern'd by your Ladyſhip's Tones in Converſation.

Lady.

Lady. Tones——you are right, Mr. *Car-mine*; that was Mr. *Purcel*'s Word. Miss *Molly Griskin*, says he (my Maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm. As your Ladyship has preserved every Thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air?

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible——But I have none of your new Playhouse Songs——I can give you one that was made on myself by *Laurence Lutestring*, a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you please, Madam.

Lady.

*As I was a walking by the Side of a River,
I met a young Damsel so charming and clever;
Her Voice to please it could not fail,
She sung like any Nightingale.*

Fal de rol; bugh, bugh, &c.

Bless me! I have such a Cough; but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. *Car-mine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men——you sing.

Carm. A Ballad, or so, Madam; Musick is a Sister Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be ashamed of our Relations, unless they are poor; and then, you know——

B 4

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman *Pentweazel* and Mr. *Puff*.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Desire him to walk up—Mr. *Pentweazel*, you must know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngest Boy, at the *Bull and Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters at School with Dr. *Jerk*, near *Doncaster*, and comes To-day by the *York Waggon*; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

*When House and Land are gone and spent,
Then Learning is most excellent.*

Carm. Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in so material an Article.

Lady. Nay, the Cost is but small; but poor Ten Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they say the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as Pigs. —Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You see, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings. Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your best Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm sure my Family were none so awkward. There
was

was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danc'd, Lud! But come, all in good Time——Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Master says he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at Home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well said——We now——If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, Child, and dost remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon!

Lady. Dost know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what hast learnt, *Caleb*, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æsop's Fables*, and can say all *As in presenti* by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word——that's more than ever thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been lost; I question'd the Lad as we came along; I ask'd him himself——

Lady. Well, well, speak when you are spoken to, Mr. Alderman. How often must I——Well, *Caleb*, and hadst a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company. Mother. There was Lord *Gorman's* fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People,

People, a Recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey, and I.

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the—— the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and so fell out at the Tail of the Waggon; so we left she behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; so only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, he's all over the Blood of the *Griskins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings—Now, Mr. *Carmine*, let us see if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff. I am surprized at your Want of Discernment, Mr. Alderman; but the Possession of a Jewel destroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it seems impossible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmine* is generally successful, in this Instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softness, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazel*?

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff.

Puff. That Clearness and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddiness and Health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, set on Head, full Chest, taper Waist, plump——

Lady. Spare me, sweet Sir! —— You see Mr. *Pentweazel*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them—— Well, I profess, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Discernment; and if Business should bring you into the City; for alas! what Pleasure can bring a Man of your refined Taste there?——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

Lady. I say, Sir, if such an Accident should happen, and *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!——

Lady. It is not impossible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in such a Manner as to shew our Sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyship's most——

Lady. Not a Step.

Puff. Ma'am.

Lady. Sir—— Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentleman. The very finest.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady.

Lady. Sir—Your most obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. (*Ex. Ald. and Wife.*)

Carm. Ha! ha! Well said, *Puff.* What a Calamity hast thou drawn upon the Knight! Thou hast so tickled the Vanity of the Har-radan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double Portion of her Contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, *Puff.* a matrimonial Assistant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *Sine-cure*.

Carm. No, that you must not expect; but unless I am greatly mistaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyship's were address'd to you with most persuasive Tenderneſs.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter——But to our Business. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promised to meet Mr. *David Dussledorpe*, Sir *Positive Bubble*, and Lord *Dupe*, to examine the Pictures, and fix on those for which they are to bid—But since we have settled the *German Plan*; so *Varnish* or *Brush* must attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all Means pursue that. You have no Conception how dear the foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoso; it announces Taste, Knowledge, Veracity, and in short, every Thing—But can you enough disguise the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? a Discovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynbeer Groningen* blasts us at once.

Puff.

Puff. Never fear me. I wish you may have equal Success in the Part of *Canto*.

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A Man must have very slender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that he has been Witness to for ten Years.

Puff. But you must get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis easy enough. Come, hand up here that there *Corregio*; an inimitable Piece, Gentlemen and Ladies: the very best Work of the best Master, Subject agreeable, highly finished, and well preserved;—a Seat for the Ladies;—hand it to Sir *Positive*; a going for Fifty; speak, or it's gone for Fifty! Joy to your Ladyship. Come the next; but remember, let your Bob be bushy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Absolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Cana* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackson's Teniers*; and for Busts, *Taylor's* Head without a Nose from *Herculaneum*.

Puff. Are the antique Seals come Home?

Carm. No; but they will be finish'd by next Week.

Puff. You must take care of *Novice's* Collection of Medals—he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm.

Carm. The Coins of the first Emperors are now steeping in Copperas; and I have an *Otho*, a *Galba*, *Nero*, and two *Domitians* reaking from the Dunghill---The Rest we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never failing Chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Carm. Yours, Sir---a troublesome Fellow, this --- confounded Memory-----useful, tho' ----Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs!--- must get rid of him-----Ay, but when?----- Why when?---when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then?----Oh, then it does not signify Two Pence.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

*Enter Puff, as Monsieur Baron de Groningen,
Carmine as Canto, and Brush.*

CANTO. COME, bustle, bustle. *Brush* you introduce *Puff*. *Puff*, how are you in your *German*?

Puff. I canno speak for *Englandt*, but I can mak understand very mightily. Will that do?

Brush. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchase Pictures for the Elector of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you must clap Lord *Dupe's* Coat of Arms on that Half Length of *Erasmus*; I have sold it him, as his Great Grandfather's third Brother, for fifty Guineas.

Canto. It shall be done---Be it my Province to establish the Baron's Reputation as a Connoisseur.--*Brush* has seen you Abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

Puff. Yes; I was do Business mightily for Prince *Blantin*.

Brush. Your Portraits go first, *Carmine*. Novice, Sir *Positive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*, Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus*, the Jew Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the History Pieces. ---Which are most likely to stick?

Canto.

Canto. Here's a List.

Brush. Hush, hide the *Erasmus*, I hear the
Company on the Stairs,
(*Exit Carmine, and re-enters anon.*

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, &c.

Lord. Mr. *Brush*. I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Ancestor.

Brush. It is in my Possession, my Lord; and I have the Honour to assure your Lordship, that the Family Features are very discernible; and allowing for the Difference of Dress, there's a strong Likeness between you and your Predecessor.

Lord. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All these you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Brush. Undoubted. But my Lord, you need not depend solely on my Judgment; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to survey, and purchase for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indisputable Connoisseur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordship. 'Tis a thousand Pities that any of these Masters should quit *England*. They were conducted hither at an immense Expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public Declaration, that all Taste and liberal Knowledge is vanish'd from amongst us?

Lord. Sir---leave the Support of the national Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?---Does he speak *English*?

Brush.

Brush. Not fluently, but so as to be understood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe*—the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taste, and for well-timed Generosity, the *Leo*—and the *Mecænas*—of the present Age, desires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was here of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuse, one Precieuse of his Country.

Lord. The *Dutch* are an bliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty Kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occasions us the Honour of a Visit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria*.

Lord. Are there any here that deserve your Attention?

Puff. O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and home Track is fine, and the Maister is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. *Canto*, what is the Subject?

Canto. It is, my Lord St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exorcising the Devil out of a Ram-Cat; it has a Companion somewhere--Oh! here, which is the same Saint in a Wilderness, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Brush. Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordship's *Corregio* in the Saloon.

C

Lord.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are those, Mr. *Canto*?

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordship.

Lord. This, I presume, might have been a Landkip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Brush. An indisputable Mark of its Antiquity; its very Merit; besides a little Varnish will fetch the Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—The next.

Canto. That is a *Moses* in the Bulrushes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Sister in the Corner, the Distress and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharaoh's* Daughter, are Circumstances happily imagined, and boldly express'd.

Brush. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the Master is alive, and an *Englishman*--

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it House-room.

Puff. Here is a pretty Piece I find stick up here in de Corner: I was see in *Hollandt*, at *Loe*, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurels all with bruth Tails ran up the Trees; and there was great Things, vat you call--Pshaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

Brush.

Brush. What, Goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de Name.

Lord. I should think, by the Cheese and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a *Welch* Piece, instead of a *Dutch*.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good Piece. I wish to my Heart *Lord Dupès* was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. *Brush*? My dear *Brush*, am I too late?

Brush. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I lose my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the first Time I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haste than a young Surgeon to his first Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Brush*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I see them, and in a Fever of Desire till I possess them.

Brush. Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to see the Busts, Medals, and precious Reliques of *Greece* and ancient *Rome*.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may show him something of greater Antiquity—Bring them forward---The first Lot consists of a Hand without an Arm, the first Joint of the Fore-Finger gone, supposed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos*---The second, Half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina*---The third, the *Caduceus* of the *Mercurius In-*

C 2

fernali,

fernalis--The fourth, the Half of the Leg of the Infant *Hercules*--all indisputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

Puff. Let me see *Juno's* Half Foot. All the Toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff. Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pshaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maister is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de *Hercules'* Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. I believe this *Hercules* was an *Irish* Man.

Nov. But where are your Busts? Here, here, Gentlemen; here's a Curiosity; a Medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the visible World; there may be some under Ground.

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taste it? It has the Relish. (*All taste*.)

Nov. The Relish! 'Zooks it cost me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear Bit tho'.

Nov.

Nov. So you may think ; but three Times the Money should not purchase it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whose Bust is it that dignifies this Coin?

Nov. The Empress *Oriuna*, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might she be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! she was a Kind of a What-d'ye-call'em--a Sort of a Queen, or Wife, or something or other to somebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago---*Mummy* told me the whole Story ; but before Gad I've forgot it. But come, the Busts.

Canto. Bring forward the Head from *Herculaneum*. Now, Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's see.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir --- the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the most perfect Performances of modern Artists---Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchstone for your Taste!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov. Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear dismember'd Bust! a little farther off. I'm ravish'd! I'm transported! What an Attitude! But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike the present, priggish, prick ear'd Puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! so decent, and so grave, and---

Who the Devil do you think it is, *Brush*? Is it a Man or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Phidias*, and others the *Venus* of *Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome enough for the last.

Nov. Yes, handsome enough.

All. Very handsome; handsome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who, in a Treatise dedicated to the King of the *Two Sicilies*, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and supposes it to have been fabricated about Eleven hundred and three Years before the Mosaic Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare swear, true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Bust; but where is de Nose?

Nov. The Nose; what care I for the Nose? Where is de Nose? Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Sixpence for it--How the Devil should we distinguish the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?—The Nose, indeed! Why I don't suppose, now, but, barring the Nose, *Roubiliac* could cut as good a Head every Whit—*Brush*, who s this Man with his Nose? The Fellow should know something of something too, for he speaks broken *English*.

Brush

Brush. It is Mynheer *Groningen*, a great Connoisseur in Painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man must know damn'd little of Statuary, that dislikes a Bust for want of a Nose.

Canto. Right, Sir—The Nose itself without the Head, nay, in another's Possession, would be an Estate—But here are behind, Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equestrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius* without the Horse; and a complete Statue of the Emperor *Trajan*, with only the Head and Legs missing; both from *Herculaneum*.——This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, and Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr. *Pentweazel*, let us have none of your *Blawbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court End of the Town. This is a Quality Auction—

Ald. Where of course nothing is sold that is useful.——I am tutor'd, sweet Honey.

Lady. *Caleb*, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir—— (To *Brush*.)

Brush. Your Pleasure, Ma'am.

Lady. I should be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the World, that we in the City have Taste.

Brush. 'Tis a laudable Resolution, Ma'am, and, I dare say, Mr. *Canto* can support—Bless me, what's that?

(*Caleb throws down a China Dish,*

Lady. That Boy, I suppose! Well, if the mischievous Brat has not broke a—and look how he stands—Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle?—Leave fucking your Thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loss is not great; come, come.

Brush. Mr. Alderman is in the Right. The Affair is a Trifle; but a Twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas! You should have twenty of my Teeth as——

Canto. You mean if you had them--Your Ladyship does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the Peagreen Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, Fourscore Guineas for the Pair.

Lady. A fine Piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it, 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and so fell a two in my Hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen!

Lord.

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly set you right in this Affair; you don't seem acquainted with these Kinds of Things; therefore I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of it's Antiquity, and enhances it's Value; and these Gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same Opinion.

All. Oh, intirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Ma'am, I never dispute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taste; he is a Foreigner, and so can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir.

Puff. Ma'am, I love to serve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was see such another Piece sell at *Amsterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother!—Father! Never stir if that Gentleman ben't the same that we see'd at the Painting Man's, that was so zivil to Mother, only he has got a black Wig on, and speaks Outlandish. I'll be fur enough if it en't a May-game.

Lady.

Lady. Hey! Let me die but the Boy's in the Right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. *Puff*, that we saw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever saw. *Caleb* is right; some Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wish it was. (*Aside.*) I no understand.

Cato. So, Master *Puff*, you are caught.
(*Aside.*)

Lord. This is a most unfortunate old Lady. —Ma'am, you are here under another Mistake. This is Mynheer Baron de——

Lady. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, because we live in the City, we can't see?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maister *Canto* mightily.

Nov. Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I see the Dog will be detected, and now is my Time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roasting Pigs. (*Aside.*) I can't say I ever saw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

Lord. The Fellow is an Impostor; a palpable Cheat, Sir, I think you came from the *Rhine*; pray, how should you like walking into the *Thames*?

N.v. Or what think you, my Lord? The Rascal complain'd but now that the Bust wanted

wanted a Nose; suppose we were to supply the Deficiency with his?

Lord. But Justice, Mr. Novice.

Canto. Great Rascal, indeed, Gentlemen. If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in these Assemblies, adieu to all moral Honesty. I think an Example should be made of him. But, were I to advise, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the present Company.

All. Away with him——

Puff. Hands off. If I must suffer, it shall not be singly, Here is the obsequious Mr. *Brush*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, shall be the Partners of my Distress. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Absurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuosi, you Connoisseurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publishing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchless Impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here the *Delatanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mecænas*, the *Petronius*, notwithstanding his exquisite Taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense Expence, a Cart-load of—Rubbish!

Lord.

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies—I have the Honour to take my Leave.

Puff. Your Lordship's most obedient—When shall I send you your *Corregio*, your *St. Anthony of Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

Lord. Rascal!

(*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Tho' my Lord has not Spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my sprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna*.----It has the Relish; an indisputable Antique; being a *Bristol* Farthing, coin'd by a Soap-boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Cash, and purchased for Two Pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff*. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My *Oriuna* a *Bristol* Farthing!

Puff. Most assuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged.

(*Going.*

Puff. Stay, stay, and take your Bust, my sweet Squire; your *Serapis*. Two Heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! so decent, and so--ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Six-pence for it--Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I shall live to see you hang'd, you Dog.

(*Exit.*
Puff.

Puff. Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!—
Now, Madam, to your Ladyship I come; to
whose Discernment, aided by the Sagacity of
your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Discovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuse my
Lady. I am one of the—

Puff. *Quorum*--I know it, Mr. Alderman;
but I mean to serve your Worship by hum-
bling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not stay
to hear the Rascality of the Fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady *Pentweazel*, correct
the Severity of that Frown, lest you should
have more of the *Medusa* than the *Medicis* in
your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite lost my City
Acquaintance; why, I've promised all my
Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball,
through your Ladyship's Interest.

Lady. My Interest, indeed, for such a—

Puff. If *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms
—Sir—Ma'am—Not a Step--The finest
Gentleman! ha, ha, ha!—And what can
you say for yourself, you cowardly ill-looking
Rascal? (*to Canto.*) Desert your Friend at
the first Pinch—your Ally---your Part-
ner---No Apology, Sir---I have done with
you. From Poverty and Shame I took you;
to that I restore you. Your Crime be your
Punishment. (*Turning to the Audience.*)

Could

Could I be as secure from the Censure of this Assembly as I am safe from the Resentment of *Dupe, Novice, Squander*; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my false Friend, I should be happy.

*'Tis from your Sentence I expect my Fate;
Your Voice alone my Triumph can complete.*

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18. Jane Shore; Mrs. Yates as Jane Shore.
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